

# The Elf Who Cried Spider

by Mirkwood Warrior

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Summary: With his friends away and feeling board, a young Legolas takes it into his head to trick the elven guards, repeatedly, never thinking of the danger or the risks involved But it won't be long before his luck runs out. Inspired by the fable "The Boy Who Cried Wolf."

## The Elf Who Cried Spider

**\*\*Time Frame:\*\***

This story is set very early on in the Third Age when Legolas is roughly the age equivalent of an 13-14 year old human.

Because Greenwood/Mirkwood is best remembered by its later name that it held near the end of the Third Age and at the time of the great War of the Ring, it shall hereafter be referred to as Mirkwood, even though at the time this story took place it would have still been known as Greenwood the Great.

**\*\*Summary: \*\***With his friends away and feeling board, a young Legolas takes it into his head to trick the elven guards, repeatedly, never thinking of the danger or the risks involved But it won't be long before his luck runs out. Inspired by the fable "The Boy Who Cried Wolf."

Enjoy.

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><p>Legolas Greenleaf sat among the branches of the large beech tree that grew just outside the tall gates that led to the Elvenking's halls. Idly he let his leg swing back and forth while his fingers played with a small leaf. He was board.<p>

Raniean and Trelan were away; Trelan had accompanied his father on an

errand and Raniean was busy helping Randomir in the guard house. Legolas didn't feel like going to the archery range alone and felt even less about seeking out his own father.

Thranduil was often very busy in his study. The ruling of a kingdom was demanding and Thranduil, although he tried to make time for his son, sometimes failed to do so. Legolas knew that his father didn't mean to forget about him, but the young prince couldn't help but feel a little jealous when he saw his friends getting to spend time with their fathers. He knew his mother tried to make it up to him, taking him riding through the forest, coming to watch his archery practise, helping him with his studies, but there were some things that only a father could do.

Legolas looked up with interest as he caught sight of the large gates swinging open and a troop of elven warriors walked out. They were clad in the greens and browns of the forest and held long bows while some had long curved swords hanging at their hips or knives strapped to their backs.

Legolas immediately recognised them for what they were; a scouting party. His interest peaked and curious to see where they were headed, the young elf followed them silently from above, hidden among the leaves of the trees.

After a while Legolas realised where he was. They were in a part of the forest that was close to the 'Spider Path.' He knew the spider path was only just a story to frighten the younger elflings into staying close to the palace, but still...

Legolas' eyes glinted with mischievous as a plan began to form in his mind.

Dropping lightly down from the tree and allowing the warriors to get a little way ahead, he started to run after them. "Help! Help!" Legolas cried with urgency. "Spider!" he shouted as he crashed into the group of elves.

"Prince Legolas," one of the elves moved forward to steady the younger elf. "What are you doing out here?"

Legolas' eyes darted around, as his mind tried to come up with a good excuse. "Eh...I was going for a...walk...yes a walk and then I saw a spider, a huge one!"

At the mention of a spider, the warriors were instantly alert. "Where did you see it Prince Legolas?" Cã°roth, the leader of the group asked sharply. A spider was no light matter.

"Back there," Legolas pointed over his shoulder, trying his best to sound scared and convincing.

With a nod to the guards, Cã°roth led the elves back down the path they had just come, his bow drawn, his keen eyes searching the trees for any signs of the vile black creatures.

Legolas couldn't contain his glee at the sight of the alert warriors searching blindly for a spider that didn't exist.

The elves turned with scowls on their faces at the sound of laughter.

Cãºroth immediately caught on to what had happened and was furious that he and his company had been tricked. "Prince Legolas! That is not funny at all," he scolded harshly.

Some of the other elves, only realising now that they had been ticked, turned infuriated glowers on the prince.

"You wasted valuable time with your inconsiderate joke Prince Legolas!" Cãºroth was not happy at all.

But if anything, Legolas' grin only widened.

Cãºroth made a growling noise deep in his throat and lunged towards the blonde elf. But Legolas saw it coming and easily danced away, his high pitched laughter drifting through the trees.

"The cheek of him, calling spider when there was none," one of the other warriors spoke, clearly annoyed with the young prince.

Cãºroth shook his head. "Prince or no prince I'm going straight to King Thranduil when I get back."

The other warriors shared secret smiles. The Elvenking was not going to be pleased with his son when he heard what Cãºroth had to tell him.

\_~S~\_

Legolas, delighted with the way his scheme had played out, was once again sitting on a wide branch of the beech tree, eyeing another unsuspecting patrol that was leaving the palace.

He knew Cãºroth wouldn't really go to his father. The prince knew that the warrior knew that Thranduil was too caught up in the affairs of the realm to listen to complaints about his son's mischief. But there was always the chance he would go to Legolas' mother, the Queen. But to be on the safe side, Legolas decided not to prank that particular troop again, at least, not yet.

As stealthy as the previous day, Legolas followed the elven patrol out into the depths of the forest, waiting until they had settled down in a small glade. Then he made his move.

"Help! Help!" He ran into the clearing startling the elves who sprang to their feet at the alarm in the prince's voice.

"Prince Legolas," a tall elf with dark brown hair stepped forward. "Why are you out so far from Lord Thranduil's halls? You know the forest is dangerous."

Legolas pulled a wide eyed stare. "I know. I was walking close to the stronghold and then I heard hissing. I turned around and saw the spider behind me! I ran as fast as I could," Legolas said feigning breathlessness.

The warriors were instantly alert coming to stand protectively around Legolas.

"Where did you see it?"

"Back on the path that leads towards the main gates," Legolas pointed east of where they were standing. "It was huge and scary." To his naughty delight, he saw the elves ready their bows, all looking grim. The prince grinned inwardly. How easily a few words could work if one said them in just the right tone of voice and with enough conviction.

Slowly the guards crept forward.

"Careful," Tarion "There could be more than one." As they rounded the bend in the path, a slight rustle in the trees above their heads caused all the elves to immediately aim their drawn bows at the leaves, their elven eyes scanning the foliage for any signs of a spider.

A figure leapt out of the nearest tree and rose from his crouched position, his hands held upwards in sign of peace. Slowly the elves lowered their weapons. The figure pushed back the hood of his cloak and Legolas gulped. It was C  roth.

"\_Mae govannen,"\_ C  roth greeted Tarion. "What bring you to this part of the woods? I thought you were patrolling the western borders?"

Tarion nodded. "We were headed there when we meet with Prince Legolas. He was being chased by a spider.

C  roth's eyes narrowed as his hard gaze landed on Legolas who was trying to look inconspicuous hidden between the guards. "Is that so?" he questioned softly. "My company meet Prince Legolas on the elf path yesterday and he claimed that he saw a spider a little way back."

Tarion turned to face Legolas. "Is this true your highness?"

Legolas just gave the warrior a brilliant smile.

Tarion grew angry. "Prince Legolas this is not appropriate behaviour for a prince. Save your frightened song for when there really is a spider. Do not be wasting our time with this nonsense you obviously find so amusing!"

Legolas bit his lip to stop himself sniggering. "I tricked you again!" he said in a sing song voice, dancing away from the elves' outstretched hands. Laughing gleefully he scampered away through the trees.

C  roth scowled and looked at Tarion. "Do not worry too much \_mellon nin. \_He did this to me yesterday. He had us all fooled."

Tarion glanced back at the way Legolas had disappeared. "Are you going to approach King Thranduil?"

C  roth pressed his lips into a thin line. "I was not going to but now I will most defiantly. This sort of thing cannot be allowed. It will end in tragedy. It would be better for the prince to bear the punishment his father gives him rather than something more fatal occurring."

\_~S~\_

Legolas skimmed through the trees, laughing quietly to himself every now and again as he remembered the look of shock and disbelief on the faces of the elves. He had caught them out. He sobered remembering C  roth's threat to go to his father, but after a moment decided it was worth the lecture Thranduil would hand out when he heard of his son's antics with the guards.

Not watching where he was going, a cry of surprise left Legolas' lips as he crashed into long, thick strands of a white sticky substance.

With a start the prince realised that it was webbing belonging to the giant spiders and his panic began to grow. The spider web clung to him and pulled at his hair and clothes.

Using one hand to steady himself, Legolas used his other hand to try and free himself. He managed to tear a small hole in the webbing, just enough to crawl through so he could yank himself free from the other side. Unfortunately the more Legolas struggled, the more the web became entangled around his legs and torso.

Legolas growled softly and tried to reach for his small boot knife. He paused in his struggle, his heart in his mouth when he heard a low predatory hiss, quite close to him and one word slammed into the front of his mind.

Spider.

A small part of Legolas' mind told him that the spiders should never have been this close to the palace, and if they were, they should have been easily spotted.

"Help," Legolas called weakly. "Help me please, someone. There is a spider, a real one. Please, help!" "

But the patrol that should have been nearby and answered did not come and Legolas went cold as he realised that he was alone and in serious danger.

\_~S~\_

Thranduil's steely blue eyes gazed at the warrior standing in front of him. Beside him stood his wife, Elv  wen. They had been talking among themselves, waiting for Legolas to show up so they could sit down to dinner together when C  roth had shown up asking for an audience with the king. Curious, Elv  wen had stayed. Something told her that this would have something to do with Legolas.

"What exactly are you saying my son has done?" Thranduil asked.

C  roth shifted uneasily from foot to foot under the piercing gaze. He did not like being the one that told the stern Elvenking of Prince Legolas' misdeeds. "Prince Legolas," he began hesitantly. "Had been tricking the guards into believing that he was being chased by a spider when there was none."

"I see." Thranduil crossed his arms over his chest and a deep scowl settled between his eyebrows. "And how many times has Legolas done

this?"

"Twice \_hir nin." \_

Thranduil sighed and pressed his lips together in a thin line. \_Really, \_he thought frustrated. \_The boy is pushing it too far now. \_Out loud he asked. "Has Legolas come home CÃ°roth?"

The elf shook his head. "No \_hir nin\_,"

Thranduil glanced out of the window. Dusk was beginning to fall. His frown deepened. Legolas should have been well home by now. He knew the rules. He turned his attention to CÃ°roth. "Thank you for alerting me to this matter. I shall find the boy myself and have a serious word with him."

CÃ°roth bowed and left the study. Thranduil made to follow him, but the quiet voice of the queen stopped him in his tracks.

"A serious word Thranduil?"

Thranduil tuned and caught the eyes of his wife. There seemed to be a spark of something akin to mischief sparkling in the depths of ElvÃ©wen's eyes. The king frowned. He did not need his wife siding with Legolas in this matter.

"Yes," he said abruptly. "Boy needs to learn that he cannot play such irresponsible jokes whenever it suits his fancy."

ElvÃ©wen eyed her husband. "And you never did anything similar in your younger years? I seem to remember an elf quite past his maturity playing a similar joke and another father promising to have a 'serious word' with his son."

Thranduil paused. "Yes, well, that was long ago. Do not change the subject."

ElvÃ©wen chuckled lightly, but then grew serious. "If you are going out into the forest to search for Legolas, please take some of the guards with you? The forest is not as safe as it was at night."

Thranduil noted the worry in ElvÃ©wen's eyes and nodded before sweeping out of the study.

\_~S~\_

Legolas thrashed weakly in terror as the spider wrapped him tightly in the sticky webbing. "\_Ada\_ help me!" Legolas moaned, fear making him dizzy. Never again would he play such a stupid trick on anyone. "\_Ada\_ please!"

\_~S~\_

Thranduil rode at the head of a small group of warriors as they travelled deeper into the forest to the place where CÃ°roth had last seen Legolas. There was a nagging fear in the back of the king's mind that his child was in danger.

Further up ahead, the Elvenking's sharp ears heard the sound of a

weak noise, like a wail of fear. He held up his hand, signalling for the group to halt. He listened intently. Now Thranduil could make out words among the noise.

"\_Ada\_, please!" It was Legolas.

Urging his horse on, Thranduil and the elves rode in haste towards the distressed calls of the young prince. Upon entering the small glade and seeing the spider that was attacking his son, Thranduil ordered one of the elves to shoot it.

The spider fell to the ground with a sickening thud. As soon as this happened, half a dozen more spiders rushed at the elves from the trees, hissing and clicking dangerously.

Immediately the elves retaliated, their wooden bows singing as they shot down one vile creature after another.

"Go Thranduil!" Amil-Garil called out. "We'll hold them off!"

Thranduil nodded and jumped into the tree where his son was trapped, effortlessly climbing through the branches. In moments he had reached Legolas. Using his dagger, the king sliced an opening, pulling the sticky webbing away from his child's face.

Legolas almost wept with relief when he saw his father. "\_Ada," \_he cried.

"Hush," Thranduil quietened his son. "I am here now. Although you may not be glad I have come when we get home." Thranduil told Legolas sternly.

Legolas knew he was in big trouble, but he didn't care right now. All he wanted to do was be far away from the spiders.

A strangled cry from below caught the king and his son's attention. One of the spiders had launched from a tree and landed on the back of one of the warriors. Instantly a few of the elves turned to their comrade's aid, pulling him out from under the spider as several arrows buried themselves deep within the creature's skull.

Legolas trembled against his father as he felt Thranduil's strong arms encircle him tightly. "When I tell you to jump, you jump." Thranduil whispered into Legolas' ear. The prince nodded mutely. Once free from all the webbing, Thranduil carefully guided his shaking son down through the branches.

The Elvenking paused on the lowest branch and his sharp eyes took in the fight on the ground. He waited for a moment before shoving Legolas lightly. "Jump."

Immediately the prince obeyed, falling to a crouch as he hit the forest floor. Moments later Thranduil dropped down beside him. "Go!" The king whispered above the noise of the battle, pointing to his waiting horse.

Legolas nodded and ran to the grey horse, grabbing the saddle and swinging himself up onto the horse's back. He watched with frightened eyes as Thranduil launched into foray. His gleaming sword whistling

through the air.

"\_Drego!"\_ Thranduil shouted. "\_Noro ten'ta! Flee! Run for it!"  
—

The warriors began to pull back at their king's command. The spiders hissed and withdrew into the surrounding darkness of the forest.

Thranduil vaulted up behind his son onto his horse. "Noro lim!" he called out. "Ride fast!"

Legolas turned to see two elves gently lifting the injured elf onto a horse. The prince recognised him as Galdril, an elven archery champion that Legolas had often watched together with Raniean and Trelan. He shuddered and hoped that the older elf would recover.

Thranduil grabbed the reins and urged his horse forward. Legolas could his father's anger and flinched slightly. The prince kept his head bowed and his eyes lowered away from the guards stares as they began to ride back towards the palace, away from the darkness of the forest.

In truth, Thranduil was shaking with fear over what could have happened if his son hadn't been discovered missing and the terrible thought of how he could have told Elvëwen that their son was dead. It was unthinkable for the Elvenking and in return, he grasped Legolas harder than he meant to.

\_~S~\_

Legolas paced back and forth outside the doors of the infirmary. Every so often the young prince would glance at the tall doors with worried eyes. He so badly wanted to know how Galdril fared. It was because of him and his stupid tricks that the elf was lying behind the closed doors injured or possibly...

The doors opened and Legolas jumped as Thranduil stepped out into the corridor. The king's face was stern and his eyes were like ice. The prince shuddered under the gaze as he looked up at his father with fearful eyes. "Will Galdril..."

"Galdril will live. The antidote has been administered and he is resting now." Thranduil spoke flatly.

Legolas nodded slowly and let his gaze wander around.

"Legolas," Thranduil's sharp voice caught his attention.

With a guilty face, the prince looked at him.

"What you did was cruel and thoughtless. It was not something I would expect you, as not only my son, but as prince of the realm to do."

Legolas hung his head shamefully, his golden hair falling around his face. "I know. It was wrong of me," he whispered sadly.

"Indeed it was." Thranduil inhaled deeply. "What would have happened



if something had caught my warriors unaware while they were hunting for your imaginary spider?"

"I-I had not thought of that Father."

Thranduil resisted the urge to snort. "Clearly you did not think at all. Your actions were immature and put the lives of others in danger. Tell me Legolas, is that something anyone should do, let alone the prince?"

"No," Legolas whispered.

"For the carelessness of your actions you will be punished," Thranduil looked down at his son. He could tell the boy was sorry, but sorry or not, Legolas still had to learn his lesson. "Legolas look at me," the king commanded.

Legolas slowly raised his head, unwilling to meet Thranduil's eye.

"Your punishment will be to assist Ravir out in the palace gardens every day after your lessons and no archery practise for a week. Do you understand?"

"Yes Father," Legolas nodded meekly.

"I do not want to see this foolishness from my son ever again. Am I understood Legolas Thranduilion?" Thranduil folded his arms across his chest.

"Yes Father." Legolas bit the inside of his lip. He hated making his father disappointed with him. It was fun to fool around and play tricks at the time, but afterwards, his heart would be heavy to knowing that Thranduil was not pleased with him. He considered on whether or not to tell his father how he felt, while he had the chance with the two of them alone.

The king turned and made to return to the infirmary, but Legolas called him back. When he turned around, words troubled out of his son's mouth.

"Father I am deeply sorry and ashamed for what I have done. Please forgive me?" The prince couldn't bear the disappointed look in his father's eyes anymore. "It was wrong and foolish of me. Please allow me to show you I can do better."

Thranduil's eyes softened and he stepped back over to Legolas. "I forgive you my son, but never again are you to pull a stunt like that again. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Father," Legolas replied. "I will never do it again, I promise and I am sorry for the trouble I have caused."

"Nobody believes in a liar Legolas, even when they are telling the truth," Thranduil told his son gently.

The prince nodded. "I understand that now. I was never more frightened than I was today." In truth, Legolas had been terrified when he realised that no one was coming to his aid and it had left him pretty shaken.

"You are also to apologise to the guards, especially to Galdril." Thranduil knew he son had been terrified, he himself had been terrified. \_Hopefully the experience help make him learn his lesson,\_ the king thought to himself.

Legolas dipped his head. "Of course Father."

Thranduil could tell there was still something he son wanted to say to him. "What i it Legolas," he asked in a more gentle tone of voice.

Legolas looked up and blinked, not realising that his face had been so readable. "C-can I see Galdril?"

Thranduil shook his head. "I am afraid not Legolas. He is sleeping right now."

"Alright," Legolas sighed. "Can you tell him that I am deeply sorry and I hope that recovers quickly?"

This time, Thranduil smiled, his son had a kind heart underneath all his mischief. "I will do that most certainly." The king turned and re-entered the infirmary, leaving a lighter hearted prince behind.

\_~The End~\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Thank you for reading this. Please leave a review :)<strong></p>

\*\*Author's Note: \*\*

The idea for this story came from a rather interesting incident that occurred between myself and my friends involving a spider, a bath and The Return of the King Extended Edition. What you have just read, was the result.

Due to some hard Real Life problems and commitments, I won't be able to update my stories as much as I would like to. I am under fierce pressure with study at the moment. Some of it is my own fault. I fuffed around for a while when I should have been more conscious of letting thing slide and now I'm under a lot of pressure to make up what I've lost. Needless to say, I am killing myself over it. I look back over the weeks I've 'wasted' and I realise that I should have been more disciplined with my time.

Thank you to everyone for their support and reviews with my other stories. I will finish all of them in time, I promise. Hopefully when July comes I will have more time to spend on my writing, but for now, it is a tough uphill battle until then.

End  
file.